1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala MD4

000 thigh. She loved to rub herself against me and to play with me; and at night, chewing her cud, she would snuggle and bend so cleverly that I had a comfortable, sheltered bed-place against her warm body.

She was sumptuously caparisoned. Her *shedad*, the silver-mounted saddle of acacia wood, with its leather cushions and three sheepskins, still rests on the floor of my room; and often of an evening I sit on it and read, or dream of Maha, the fleet Sharrarijeh. On the wall of my room hangs, wonderfully preserved, her saddle trappings and the huge goat-hair saddlebags, with long rows of knotted tassels and braided fringes that used to reach far below Maha's belly and swing in rhythm with her gait. Her *rashma*, too, I still have—the head-halter of fine, coloured wool—red, blue, and green on a black background.

492 533 Shouting merrily to one another and singing camel-songs, we trotted southward. In Arabia neither spurs nor whips are needed for urging on horses or camels. The riders' cheerful, rhythmic chants, their merry yodeling, their clear melodious voices, suffice. The Arab voice is very unlike the nasal, sleepy, monotonous croak of the Egyptians and Syrians. The Bedouin camel-songs are masculine, bold, and tuneful, so that the camels and the horses love this diversion. On the march these hardy, lean riders will sing hour after hour. But often enough they will be silent, when hunger, thirst, and dust have wearied them, or when it is expedient to muffle mouth and nose from the heat and sand.

l: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala MD4

Near me a fine, full-grown, reddish-brown falcon sat 223
captive on a horizontal perch. It fluttered its wings and tried to fly away, but a strong leather strap held it fast. It had been captured only two days before, and its eyelids were still sewn together, as is the Bedouin practice with newly caught hawks. Dugan, the hawking-slave, had brought this wild bird along to accustom it to the riding.

Towards evening, Fuaz sent some horsemen to the 224
tribal encampment (the Ruala were in migration), to ascertain where his tent was pitched, and after supper, under the shining moon, we all set out for it.

That moonlight ride through the tranquil night was a wonderful experience. Widely spread out, in smaller or larger groups, we rode along at a walk. Mnahi, chief [533]
of the Amir's bodyguard, beat time to the Bedouin songs, which from a distance sounded like a faint, "Yo-ho-loo-oo, Yo-ho-loo-oo."

Riding up a rise, I could fancy that the earth ended beyond it; I always expected to find a dark abyss with an illuminated ocean, opal light and stars rising from its depths.

Lights did in fact appear as we topped one ridge—red campfires. They covered the plain below far and wide. It was a great Ruala encampment that lay before us in the shimmering moonlight—a magic picture, a fairy-tale of the desert. Distant murmurs fell on our ears, bringing a touch of reality to the unreal.

We rode down, a wave of singing horsemen, that melted away into the shadows of the black tents. Here we dismounted, tied our horses to the tent ropes, and

● 533, 539, 773

[For texts of native poems, songs, tales and myths in the original and in translation, see category 116 as follows:

Rainmaking	pp.	10-12
Animals		21-25, 29-31
Falconry		34-35
Birds		37-38, 41
Reptiles		41-42
Insects		43
Traditions concerning Rwala chiefs		51-58
Camping Grounds		78-85
Coffee		102-114
Smoking		128-131
Love		140-228
Circumcision		246-255
Ditties sung by girls		258-266
The stranger and the merchant in camp		270-275
Typical Bedouin poems		285-328

● 533, 539, 773

Ditties sung when camels are watered	pp.	340-347
Camels		358-368
Mares		383-388
Travelers		458-459
Guests and Hospitality		466-470
Qualities and deeds of men		473-488
Song of a culprit		500-503
Raiders' Marching Songs		512-522
Returning Raiders' Songs		531-537
Songs of Booty		537-540
Defenders of their Camps		541-570
Narratives of Rwala wars and raids		574-632
Poems of wars and raids		632-637
Anecdotes of wars and raids		637-640
Stories of wars and raids told by Blejhan Eben Zeri		641-661]

2:Musil S-4, 5 (no date)1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

as long as it is in grain, *al-ḥamḥ alli ba'ad ḥabben ṣaḥiḥ*." The wheat is beaten in a wooden mortar, *mihbâš*, with a pestle, *'amûd*, or it is ground in a small mill, *rḥa'*. These mills are made by the Rwala women, who hew two pieces of basalt or lava into shape, hollow out an aperture, provide them with an iron axle, *ḥalb*, and make a wooden handle, *hâdi*, the mill now being completed. If they wish to use it for grinding, they spread a piece of leather or closely woven stuff, *tfâl*, on the ground, put the mill on it, pick up the grains in the left hand, shake them into the aperture in the upper stone, *al-fowḳa*, and the flour falls into the lower one, *at-taḥta*, and upon the outspread rug, *jiḳa' 'ala-ṭ-tfâl*. While grinding they sing simple songs such as:

FIG. 23—A leather bucket, *delw* (see p. 72).

"As the mill handle turns (and yet does not leave the lower stone, would that this were so among people!) may each woman possess her beloved; *'ûd ar-raḥa mâ dirah killen tâḥod 'aḏirah*." Or:

"Today I am grieved, but the servant of the Bountiful is (appointed by him as) our guardian; *al-jowm ana waǧ-'ḏna 'abd al-karim muwaṣṣâna*."

They never grind for the purpose of storing up supplies; at the most they grind enough to leave something over for bread to be offered to guests for breakfast on the morrow.

If they wish to bake bread, they shake the flour on a *ṣaḥn*-pan (or *'elbe*), salt it, add water, and knead it into a dough in a *muḥmar*. This they mix into a large loaf, take it out of the *muḥmar*, place it on a piece of leather or on a cloak, turn the *muḥmar* or *ṣaḥn* over, pull off a piece of the dough, and from it knead a large thin cake, *teṭaḥḥen*, on the *ṣaḥn*. When it has covered the whole of the *ṣaḥn*, a woman seizes it in both hands and, throwing it up in the air, draws it out more and more, till sometimes it is as thin as paper, *terasseṭ tanṭf*. The ready-made cake she places on a *minsâf*. Before this she takes a deep bulging sheet of iron, *ṣâǧ*, about

2:Musil S-4, 5 (no date)1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

beans with an iron spoon fastened to the handle by means of a long copper chain, *id al-mihmâse*. As soon as the coffee begins to turn brown, *aškarrat*, he lifts the plate from time to time, shakes it until the beans jump about, blows on and continues roasting them. When all the beans have acquired a dark-brown color, he shakes them out upon a wooden dish, *mibrâda*, which is also provided with a long handle, in order that they may cool off, *jebarredha*. Meanwhile he takes the second smaller pot, pours boiling water into it from the first one, and sets it by the fire. He wipes a wooden mortar, *mihbâš* (or *niğr*), decorated with carvings, shakes, *jekubb*, into it the cold beans freed from their husks, picks up with his right hand or with both hands a long wooden pestle, *jad* (or *mehwân*), and, holding the mortar between his knees, pounds the coffee with measured and dignified strokes. After every five or six blows upon the beans he knocks the edge of the pestle against the sides of the mortar in order to get rid of the coffee clinging to it. The noise made by the mortar and pestle, *hess al-mihbâš*, is heard everywhere in the vicinity, and the people give their opinion as to whether these sounds are regular and artistic or not. The pounding of coffee is an art, and musical ability is judged according to the way in which it is done.

The coffee when ground to a fine powder is shaken out, *jelaẓẓemha*, by a slave into his right hand or straight into the second pot, in which the fresh coffee is boiled. This pot is called *maṣfa'* (or *ṣalâje*). The slave takes the rag with which he has wiped the vessel, places it on the handle of the pot, and holds it above the fire, continually moving it farther away or nearer in order that the coffee may not boil over. When the coffee is thoroughly boiled, *ṭbaḫat*, he places the pot at some little distance from the fire in order that the coffee may settle. He then puts into the mortar a few grains of the fragrant spice known as cardamom and a pinch of saffron, beats them up, shakes them out into the third pot, which has been cleaned and warmed, and pours into it the boiled coffee from the second pot. The third pot, in which the coffee is boiled with the ground spices, is called *mabhâra*. From a circular box of wood, *ḫuwṭi*, or copper, *kafaṣ*, the slave takes out small cups of solid stoneware, *fanâğil*, pours a little water into each one, rubs them with his thumb on a piece of rag, and puts them on a copper platter called *ṣinijje*. When the spice-flavored coffee has boiled he empties a part of it into the fourth

533 Ḥafâği — and named the boy Ḥafâği. Another woman was delivered during a heavy rain and she called her little son Maṭar, Rain. Kurdi's wife bore two girls although she greatly wished to have a boy. So she prayed to Allâh, and he granted her wish some time afterwards; she gave the baby boy the name of Raġa', meaning "The Granting of Favor." The wife of 'Awde al-Kwêčbi had a very painful delivery, *te'assarat*, and therefore said: "Thou shalt be called 'Asîr, Born in Pain." Another woman, filled with wrath because her husband had just taken a second wife, named her son Muṛiz, Enraging. The wife of the slave Ḥmâr abu 'Awwâd received a beating from her husband shortly before a son was born to her, and, still being angry with him, she called the boy in remembrance of his mother's ill-treatment, Za'al, Anger. When delivered of a girl a little later, she said: "Thy father's name is Donkey, Ḥmâr, so thou shalt be called Cow, Baḳara." There is no beast nor plant after which a child cannot be named.

561 551 Up to its seventh year the child is spoken of as *waṛad* (pl., *wuṛdân*), *wara'* (pl., *wur'ân*), or *'aǧi* (pl., *'aǧjân*). After his seventh year a boy is called *'ejâl*. The name for a dead baby is *faraṭ* (pl., *afrâṭ*). For these a sacrifice, *temîma*, must 765 be brought at the next memorial festival in honor of the dead, *ẓaḥijje*.

CIRCUMCISION CEREMONIES

852 The Rwala circumcise their sons between their third and seventh years, usually in the season of *aṣ-ṣeif* (thus in late April or May) on either Monday, Tuesday, or Thursday immediately before the fifteenth day of the lunar month or just after that day. Two days before the circumcision the girls from the whole camp come to the tent of the man whose son is to be circumcised, decorate the main tent pole with ostrich feathers, red kerchiefs, and ribbons, *razzow al-mṣanna'*, and proclaim with joyful cries, *zarrût*, that a circumcision, *mṣanna'*, is being prepared for. After sunset the whole youth of both sexes of the camp assemble there, the young men forming a semicircle open towards the tent, where a mighty fire is burning. An adult girl with her face covered so that only her eyes are visible then posts herself between the fire and the youths. The *ḥâdi*, as this girl is called, holds in her right hand a sharp saber. The youths begin to stamp, clap

524 857 *šẓâẓ*, on the highest stone near by, taps it with his large peg enough to make it fly up a little, and when in the air gives it a good blow so as to make it fly to the other players who wait at a distance of about thirty or forty paces. Every one of them tries to hit the flying sharp peg with his own peg in order to send it back. As long as no one succeeds, the peg is returned to the first boy, who continues to bat it until one of his comrades finally strikes it and takes his place. When striking at the *šẓâẓ* peg the head or shoulders of a player often come in contact with it, with consequences easy to imagine.

Many a kerchief is torn to ribbons in the game called *dehdwa*. One boy rolls a large stone down a slightly inclined plane, while the others try to stop it, *'akašha*, with their kerchiefs. The one succeeding in this is entitled to roll it, *jedaḥdîha*.

'Aḳê 'aḳab is a game in which all the boys run for the goal, about a hundred paces away. He who reaches it first shouts: "*'aḳê 'aḳab*," a command for the others to turn and run back to the starting point. The first boy to reach it now calls out the same words, "*'aḳê 'aḳab*," and flies with the others to the goal again. This is repeated until all are exhausted. Finally the one to reach the goal first exclaims: "A pile of wood, *ḥorkob ḥašab*," and sinks to the ground; the others follow his example, lie still for a while, but then begin to kick and strike out all around regardless of whom they hit.

DITTIES SUNG BY GIRLS

539x 857 The girls have no such games. Occasionally at night they form two choirs and alternately sing, *jesemrun*, various ditties called *summejr*:

533

Tafawwelû bel-faṣa	For a good sign take a great plain,
jâ-lli ṭalab fâli	O all ye who ask me for a good sign!
fâli râîden w-ar-rašed	Fortunate is my sign, for luck
ṭajjeb al-fâli.	Is the best of all signs ye may want.

539x 857 777 726 When the women and girls are about to start their *summejr*, the men and youths gather not far off. Before a raid or any act of importance every man observes the first word uttered by the woman or girl dear to him. That word they

2;Musil S-4,5 (no date)1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

mǧowdalât, keeping in the path trodden by camels for centuries past; it is very seldom, and then only in a level plain where the grass is fresh, that they move side by side, *muṯfarišât*. Once on the pasture grounds, the she-camels graze together, *merta'ât ḥawâlêhen*. The herdsman sits down in some higher place the better to overlook his herd, sings, carves something, or seeks edible plants and bulbs. About noon when the heat is at its highest, *ḥakmat* (or *sanḳarat* or *ḳajjalat*) *al-ẓâ'ile*, the she-camels leave off grazing, kneel down, *jebarreken* or *mubarreḳât*, and chew their cuds till two or three o'clock. Then they rise again and graze till supper time, *je'aššen*, when the herdsman turns them in the direction of the camp and drives them back, reaching the tent at sunset. At that time all the youths and slaves ride out from the camp, on horseback and in small groups, *zerfât*, to protect the returning herds from a possible attack. 233

When satiated the she-camels move very slowly, stopping every little while. The herdsman mounts the leading animal, *ḳa'ada*, and rides at the head of his herd, urging it to greater speed with a short drawling song, *ješšâje'*. The ditty sung by the herdsman to keep the returning herd together is called *mešjê'*. Every herdsman has a song of his own, which differs from those used by others in the words as well as in the cadences of the tone and the length of the syllables. Were it not for this singing, the camels of the same herd would never keep together, but would get lost among the thousands of animals returning home after sunset. On arriving at his tent the herdsman remains sitting on his she-camel, which he halts; he keeps on singing the *mešjê'* while he waits for the whole herd to come in. Then, dismounting, he takes the cords handed to him by the host, makes each animal kneel down in the place allotted to it, *jemarreḳhen bel-mrâḥ*, fetters its left leg above the knee, *je'aššelhen*, eats his supper, and lies down among the herd, so as to watch it at night also. Next morning before sunrise he unties the cords again, *jeṭallelhen*, and, having counted them, gives them back to the host. The milking of the she-camels is done by the owner himself or by a slave or servant. After the milking the host, or anyone bidden by him, drives them a short distance from the tent, where they graze till the dew has evaporated. [533]

The best camel pasture consists of plants called *ḥamṛ*, among which the Rwala count the following perennials: *arṭa*, 233 137

2:Musil S-4, 5 (no date)1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

Very often a sorcerer is summoned to the bedside of a person who is seriously ill. He comes either with all or a few of his disciples and settles down in the tent as a regular guest. During the day, but especially in the evening, he orders his disciples to play, while he squats by the fire with his head wrapped up and his face in his hands, listening to the music. After a while he begins to contort the upper part of his body, jumps up, seizes a small drum, beats it wildly, circles around the fire, and, dancing around the patient, raps him with the drum on the head and legs; then, throwing the drum aside, he lies above the patient, supporting himself by the feet and hands, breathes into his mouth and nostrils, kneels down, rubs the patient on the breast, stomach, and back, jumps up, dances around, and, then, lying on him again, mumbles unintelligible words. Sometimes he cures the sick person by this process; sometimes the patient dies.

Ṣulhân's little son, Feǧer, six years old, fell ill. Greatly troubled, the father entreated a sorcerer to cure his child. The seer soon appeared with his wife, and the first thing they did was to lay the boy's head south and his feet north. The woman began to play, while the sorcerer bent down to the fire, waiting for the *islâm* to take hold of him. Then he jumped up, danced, lay on the boy, covering him with his body, breathed on his cheeks, and made curious grimaces, *la'ab 'alejh*, the woman beating a little drum all this time and dancing around them. The boy recovered.

A certain woman was paralyzed for many years and unable to stand on her feet. Finally Mnâhi eben Dabbâr was brought to her and played over her, *la'ab*, for three evenings. On the third evening the sick woman suddenly jumped up and began to dance with him, and was well ever after.

Feǧer eben Ṭajjeb of the Mwâhîb clan suffered from gout and was unable to walk, *mḥarwal*. On being sent for, the sorcerer stayed with him seven days, played over him every evening, daubed him with his spittle, spat on him — and Feǧer became well.

The sorcerers are accustomed to sing:

Hala b'ali az-zêni Welcome, 'Ali, thou benefactor,
jâ ḥejḫ al-ǧeddêni Chief of my ancestors both;
w-'ali jâ-bu ḥsêni. 'Ali, thou father of Ḥsên.

2:Musil S-4, 5 (no date) 1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

533 791

Jâ bâz jâ ǧeddi	O Falcon! O ancestor mine!
hala' b'ezzaddîn	Welcome to us, O 'Ezzaddîn!
jâ šejḫ al-jemîn.	Thou chief powerful.
Hala' bzên an-nijje	Welcome to us, thou who well meanest
jâ ra' aṭ-ṭawijje	And knowest what is hidden.

It is even said of the sorceresses that they can disappear from the tent unobserved.

SOOTHSAYERS

791 787

There are people living among the Bedouins, both men and women, who in some inexplicable way are able to tell of hidden things, whether of the past, present, or future. One of their ways is to prophesy from the position of twenty-three objects cast about promiscuously. These objects are: seven round white pebbles, *marwât*; one small piece of ambergris; one fragment of broken glass, *ṛazâra*; one small piece of a burned brick, *ḫuẓrime*; one fragment of a broken glass armlet, *ḳuṣmat ma'ẓad*; five small white sea shells, *ḫams wad'ât*; one small piece of sea shell, *miṣarra*; four date stones, *ṯṣumât*; one small piece of a glass ring such as is worn by mares on their necks, *ḳuṣmat ḫaršat faras*; and one smooth silver ring, *ḫalḳat ḫâtem fuẓẓa*. The soothsayer, who keeps all these twenty-three objects in a leather pouch, shakes them out on the palm of his hand, throws them down on the carpet, and then begins to prophesy from their relative positions.

Blejhân related to me: "My little brother, Ǧî'ân, went on a raid and did not return for a long time. My heart was sick with longing for him, *w-ḳalbi waǧ'ân 'alejh*. So I went to a Ḥâzmijje (woman of the Ḥawâzem tribe) soothsayer, *naḥart al-ḫaṭṭâṭa alli 'endana min al-ḥawâzem*, and gave her a little tobacco, *'aṭajṭah šwajje titen*. She said:

'What brings thee here, O youth? *wêš ǧâjebk jâ walaḍ*. Dost thou need something? *!ak ṛaraẓ*.'

'I seek a lost camel and want thee to give me the sign, *ana meḏheb w-abîč teẓrobi li bel-fâl*.' Taking out from a bag, *mezwede*, the pouch with those twenty-three things, she shook them out on her right palm, which she first lifted and then lowered again, threw them, *ṭaššatha*, broadcast on the carpet, glanced over them, and then exclaimed:

saddle, the woman stands sideways to him, covering her nose with her left hand, and explains but soon begins to put questions, the answering of which keeps the rider busy. 576 609

If a traveler rides close by the herds, the herdsmen run to him from all sides, salute, ask questions, and finally beg: "Would you not give a drink to a thirsty one? *mâ teszûn al-'aṭšân.*" 484 576 271

As a rule, the travelers say they have no water at all. "We have no water, *mâ 'endana ma'*," which means that they will not be delayed. As the water is laden on a camel, it would be necessary first to stop her, to open the bag, pour the water into a pannikin, tie the bag up again, start the camel going, and make sure that the water is not dripping from the bag. Many a thirsty man hardly waits for an answer, but springs to the camel carrying the water, partly opens the bag, drinks, and keeps leaping after the moving animal, with water running down his chin. Having drunk his fill, he holds the bag with his left hand and with his right tries to stop the animal, so that he can tie the bag as it was. The camel, murmuring, resists, the water flows out, and the traveler becomes angry at the loss of water which was to last him for several days. For this reason water is generally refused to the herdsmen unless they bring along fresh camel milk; in this case they are given water in exchange. More pity is shown by the mounted traveler to one on foot. To such he always gives a drink if the next watering place or camp is more than half a day distant. 484

TRAVELERS' DITTIES

Travelers amuse themselves with the singing of ditties, *taṭwîḥ*, a word which means literally to fill with passion, to cry at the top of one's voice. They are sung in a high voice, *rana' b'âli ḥesseh*. One of the riders begins to sing, and as soon as he finishes the first half of the verse it is repeated by the second rider or the whole troop, the first continuing in the meantime to sing the second half of the verse. When he has finished, he intones the first half of the second verse, his comrades keeping silent the while and joining in only when it is complete. In this manner a single double verse is often repeated for a half an hour or even longer. 484 533●

2:Musil S-4, 5 (no date)1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

the march travelers unknown to them and later discover they were their friends. 727

To spend the night in the camp of a friendly clan which maintains amicable relations with the plundered clan is not allowed.

The Rwala bury their dead friends; their wounded they carry off on their camels, having first bandaged their wounds as best they can. To the dead enemy no attention is paid. At the same time whoever has swept an enemy from the saddle and sees him writhing on the ground is obliged, as a man of honor, to help him. Should he kill an enemy in that condition, *ṭarîḥ*, he would commit a dishonorable deed, *'ajb*, in the same manner as he who kills a man he has pardoned, or one sleeping, or a woman, or child. Likewise it is considered shameful to attack a related tribe, even if hostile, after the appearance of the morning star, *bejât*, or to cripple or kill captured animals when to escape with them proves impossible, *feda' bel-ḥalâl*. 727 577

The successful bringing of captured herds from a distant territory to the home camp is the highest proof of a leader's sagacity, especially if he undertakes raids against tribes encamped as far as 600-800 kilometers away. A prudent leader will at once separate the camel calves from the grown animals and have them driven back; he will occupy the more important mountain passes and try to retreat through a country where the camels will find sufficient pasture. If he returns with the booty without any considerable losses, everybody talks of booty and success, *ċasab w-salâme*, but if the booty is taken away from him by some ambushing party on the way, the raiders come back, one after another, very much depressed, for besides having gained nothing they have lost many comrades, *ḫasâra*. If the defiles have been occupied they can march and rest at their leisure, for, as they say, "our little brothers follow in our tracks, *ḫwijjâna ḳzabaw aṯârna*." The troop following the returning raiders and protecting them against the pursuers, *ṭalab*, is called *ḳazb*. 727

Returning Raiders' Songs

As soon as the returning warriors feel safe, they intone ditties, *ḥda'*, appropriate to such occasions; *elja ḳfejna naḥada'* (sic). 727 533

2;Musil S-4, 5 (no date)1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

539x

Run as the hunted beast runs from the face of the heroic youth,
From the faces of those whose beards and moustaches are covered with fat.

701
883

Haǧǧ means a panic, helter-skelter flight. *Rulma'* or *ṣabwa'* are youths from eighteen to twenty years of age, who are ever making raids, from which they always return with rich booty and then feast on the fat camels they have captured until their budding chin beards, *lḥa*, and mustaches, *šawâreb*, shine with fat, *dasmin*. They are well fed, of great endurance, and never abandon the pursuit of the enemy's fleeing mares or camels until they have captured them.

Songs of Booty

539x
727
533

The returning victors are not met by the women or girls of the camp. When near they break into songs of booty.

539x

1. *Jowmen wald al-hejs jabḥa mažza'eh*
   wa' mâ ḳaṭa'na lejleten ḥarmesijje
   wa' hâj jâ lallâh wa' hâj jâ lallâh.
2. *Jâ nâšeden 'anna min ajje žebîle*
   'ejâl ar-rwejli min aḫjâr al-ḥamâjel
   wa' hâj . . .
3. *Ḥowfân aẓ-ẓulma' maṛâwîr aẓ-ẓaḥa'*
   nowda' 'ala čabd al-ma'âdi debâjel
   wa' hâj . . .
4. *Elja-ddejt maǧhûdi w-maǧhûd fâṭeri*
   mâ-ni 'ala-d-dinja čeṭîr al-ḥasâjef
   wa' hâj . . .

1. While the idler shook up his bed,
   Hey! through how many dark nights have we ridden!
   Hey! glory be and by Allâh himself!
2. O thou who askest about us of what tribe we were,
   (Know that) we are descendants of the Rwala, counted among the best of tribes.
   Hey! glory!
3. Like thieves in a dark night, like attackers after the passing of the dew
   We are wont to plant ulcers in the enemy's stomach.
   Hey! glory!

2:Musil S-4, 5 (no date)1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

herself, as the capture of the 'Aṭfa by the enemy would mean the greatest disgrace for both the reigning kin and the whole tribe. Thereupon the girl on the 'Aṭfa drives her animal to her father's tent, makes it kneel here, and either jumps off, unbuckles the litter, and pulls it inside the tent, or flees with it from the camp.

When the tribe is attacked while migrating and the women driving the camels laden with all their household goods fear that the enemy may rob them — the men, meanwhile, being engaged in repelling the attackers — they beg every passing rider to defend them, and the girls, especially, at the top of their voices, call out the names of their sweethearts:

"Bring me So-and-So, ye men! Call So-and-So hither, ye who like to amuse yourselves with girls! I want So-and-So, him of whom all talk!"

If a man passes by whom the woman expects to help her, she cries: "Thou wert praised to me so highly, and yet I have not seen thee do anything today."

When a lover reaches the woman of his heart, she breaks into an inspiring shout, uttering in a high-pitched tremulous voice the syllables of the word *zaṛārit*. The lover greets her: "Oh, how I rejoice before thine eyes! *jâ mâ 'ajnêč wa-fraḥi*," or: "To thy joy, O So-and-So! *farḥateč jâ fiâne*."

Ditties Sung by Defenders of Their Camps

While speeding through the camp or the moving throng in order to repel a hostile attack the men sing short ditties.

Jâ rabb naṣlobak al-huda'
w-as-sitr w-al-'elm al-maliḥ
rab'i medâbis al-'uda'
w-en ḥarrafaw 'enda-ṭ-ṭariḥ.

O Lord! we beg thee for a lucky guidance,
For protection and good news!
My comrades, cudgels for the enemy,
Will not turn their maces save when a rider is thrown from his saddle.

They pray to Allâh for lucky leadership and favorable news about the position of the main force of the enemy, that they may attack at once and thus avoid being taken on the

herds Šâha and used this phrase as his battle cry. *'Aǧǧe* or *'aǧâǧ* is dust and sand caught up by a whirlwind which runs like a pillar through the desert. Such columns of dust and sand often envelop the cavalry, whose horses raise up the dust with their hoofs. During a war, when troops cross the desert every day, the *'aǧǧe* also appears more frequently. *Surba* means here a hostile troop. The warriors galloping to repulse the enemy sing the ditties called *ḥda'*. Aḫu Šâha never waits for his comrades, but, intoning a *ḥda'*, attacks the enemy as soon as he sights him.

Li dîreten ǧennat an'âm	I have a land, a paradise for herds,
met'eb w-sîb jurîdeha	Met'eb and Sîb long for it,
aš-šejḫ miṯlak lâ jenâm	A chief like thee must not sleep,
jet'ab 'ala tabrîdeha.	But strive to hold his property.

Al-'Âṣi, the son of Farḥân, inherited from his father as his private property extensive pastures irrigated by a live creek, where he kept large herds of cattle and sheep. Some time afterwards Ǧârallâh attempted to take the pastures away from him by force, in which he was supported by the Šammar war leader named Met'eb âl Hadab and by his own son Tîḫ, who likewise were seeking an ally against al-'Âṣi. This chief was not a little vexed with his son al-Hâdi, who seemed to care for nothing. His reproaches having no effect, the disappointed father composed this ditty, which was sung by his followers to insult the young man. *An'âm* means cattle, especially cows and sheep. *Tabrîd*: to defend what belongs to one lawfully. Roused by the poem, al-Hâdi answered with another:

Dâri beha ḳablen teḳûl
binten taǧadded 'êdaha
mifrâṣ bâlûd alli jeṛûl
beḥnûk min jurîdaha.

I knew [our land] before thou didst warn me,
It is like a maiden, always changing its holiday garb,
While I am like steel pincers which crush
In their jaws him who longs for it.

Dâri beha: I know of it. *Mâni dâri*: I do not know. (*"Mâdri-n-čân aḥad behal-ḳaṣr*; I do not know if there is anybody in this castle," remarked Ḥmâr on one occasion. *"Beh*, there is" was Prince an-Nûri's answer.) *'Êdaha*: her holiday dress. The